

Tainted Love by [hoppnhorn](#)

Series: [Harringrove Bits & Pieces \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Billy never thought he'd turn to the dark side of the Force. Then he fell in love with it.

Tainted Love

Author's Note:

originally posted on my [blog](#). inspired by reylo, sorta. I was intrigued by the idea that if Billy were Rey-like character and Steve were Kylo-like character, how would the conflict of light vs. dark strain their relationship? What would happen to Billy's light?

When does love turn sour? When does something pure devolve into something toxic, leeching into everything that it touches until nothing is untainted. Like oil across water, when does love consume and smother everything good and living? When does the static cling of adoration become an infection? Festering and rotten and twisted?

He asks himself daily when his chambers are illuminated. There isn't a speck of true light in space and the artificial is ugly against all the metal and glass. It's false, just like everything else. He tries to recall the warmth of sunshine but he can't remember the feeling. Not anymore. All he knows is the cold of space and the sterile white glare from the lights overhead.

"Sir." A trooper has been standing inside his chamber for a while now but his voice had only sounded like static. He tries to ignore him further, eyes trained out the bay of windows that stretch across one wall. When he'd first entered his rooms, all those days ago, he'd thought it was elegant. Smooth, endless glass for him to look down at the galaxy. Now it only taunted him. The world was at his fingertips yet he remained imprisoned. Imprisoned by his own weakness. His own fear.

"Sir." The trooper steps to obstruct his view and he levels a hard glare at the shiny helmet.

"Leave." He growls, his body trembling. He used to simply hate the nameless troopers. Now, it takes all of his strength to keep from killing them the moment they enter his room. He's lost control too many times now and yet no punishment has befallen him. It's almost

fun sometimes, letting the Force take control of his feelings and just *squeeze*.

He'd crushed a man's skull once and he knew he should have been horrified. He knew he should have been revolted at his own failure to contain himself. He'd turned completely and now he was lost. He was a shadow of himself. He could imagine his former self weeping at what he'd become. He had no tears. Not anymore.

"He requests your presence, sir."

His body floods with fury and he lets it run through his veins, lets it spread like fire. The trooper lets out a strangled scream before he falls to his knees, clawing at the neck of his uniform. He watches without a lick of feeling. Strong and so very numb.

"Enough."

The command breaks his hold on the trooper's neck and he watches the man drop onto all fours, gasping for air behind his helmet.

"Leave us." His lover enters the chamber soundlessly, addressing the trooper without any sympathy. He'd never had much but now there is no empathy to be found. How many bodies has his lover ordered dragged from his chambers? How many lives did he carelessly endanger by sending for him? Like he would ever come when called. Like he would walk about the ship like he belonged there.

The trooper collects himself and leaves and he doesn't bother to watch as he goes, eyes trained on the endless black and stars.

"I was hoping you would be better today."

His lover is closer now, no doubt wishing for him to meet his eye. He doesn't oblige.

"So much anger." His voice coos. "I can taste it radiating from you. You want to hurt me, don't you?"

He does. He wants to reach out with all his might and pull. He wants to feel the strain of his lover's power pushing back, testing his strength. He wants to unleash all the rage building under his skin.

"You can." His lover offers. "You were always the stronger of us."

"Go away." He manages to hiss.

"Never." A hand brushes against his cheek and he twitches away. Closing his eyes, he fights the pulse of need that shakes him to his core.

When is love a poison?

"I can't live without you." The bed sags at the weight of a body sitting beside him and it urges him closer. The pull is there. It always is. "But if you want to go, you can. You know you can. You've always been able to leave."

"Liar." He snarls.

When does the static cling of adoration become an infection?

"Never." The brush of his lover's mouth against his throat startles him yet his eyes stay closed. He fears what he'll see. He knows what he'll see. "I love you."

Lips trail from his pulse to his jaw and he breathes hard, the pain already leaking between his ribs. He succumbs to the intoxicating rush of lust, greedy and sick, and it engulfs him. When those lips reach his own, he bites at them, catches them in a cruel kiss that sends curls of delight down his spine.

The sound of his lover's cloak pooling on the floor opens his eyes and his despair is complete.

Pale, perfect and beautiful, his lover stands before him with deep brown eyes and rosy lips. He reaches for him and swipes a hand over his bare chest, fingers tracing the faint scar that runs from below his collarbone to his right eye. Beautiful and broken.

"Tell me you love me." Is the command. He doesn't resist.

"I love you."

He's straddled on the bed, hands cupped on either side of his face,

fingers in his long hair. When his lover pulls, he drops his head back to stare up into endless, dark brown eyes. Eyes that ruin him. Eyes that complete him.

“Tell me you’ll never leave me.”

The light in him is barely an ember as the dark thrives, scalding and devastating. He is a prisoner to his love.

“Billy.” His lover’s voice is softer now, almost sweet, like it had been once. Before the darkness took his Steve away and left the ghost before him. The shell he needs.

“I’ll never leave you.” He promises.